







# DIE LEERE MITTE

*Random Access Journal*

B E R L I N

.....  
Issue n.22  $\rightarrow$  07/2024  
12.0°C  $\rightarrow$  52.4802743  $\rightarrow$  13.5441468  
.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE  
*Guidelines*

**Broadly accepted:** Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

**Texts:** poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

**Visual:** 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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Edited in Berlin by Horst Berger and Federico Federici.  
ISBN 9798332136344

cover art: Werner Preuß, Berliner Ampelmännchen, Variationen, Farbstift, 2019 | original designer: Karl Peglau, 1961.

## CONTENTS

Oisín Breen

*Lockpicking*, p.7

*The Monk*, p.8

*By White Horse Bridge*, p.9

Strider Marcus Jones

*Haiku*, p.10

Steven J. Fowler

*The Flock*, p.12

*Deathly Boys*, p.13

Cecil Touchon

*Asemic Notes While Walking*, p.14

Jack Sullivan

*The New York Times site map*, p.17

*Israel says strikes are strong*, p.18

*A digest of posts that's been assembled for you*, p.20

Ellen Harrold

*Field Effect*, p.21

*Degeneracy Pressure*, p.22

*Alive in a conventional sense*, p.23

Terry Trowbridge

*8 Rules for Grieving a the Death of My Father*, p.24

Mykyta Ryzhykh

*cmuxu*, p.27

Kenneth Goodman

*five short poems*, p.31

Daniel Y. Harris

excerpt from *The Apostasy of Proxy Godbot*, Volume VII, The Posthuman Series, p.34

Irene Koronas

excerpts from *chiaroscuros*, Volume VIII, The Grammaton Series, p.39

Kevin Brown

*Prison*, p.44

Daniel Barbare

*Mountain Poem*, p.47

*A Friendly Town*, p.48

John Grey

*My Land Of The Lost*, p.49

*Your Favorite Corpse*, p.50

*When Aretha Died*, p.51

*These Vows*, p.53

*These Hands (Page One)*, p.54

*These Hands (Page Two)*, p.56

John M. Bennett

*poems*, p.57



Oisín Breen · *Lockpicking*

You and I, we lie, bodies pressing the hard earth,  
Thrashing – briefly – in a pool of ash and muck,  
Pausing, only to avoid glutting ourselves with a sacrament –  
The unction of the sick – for we are not prepared  
To be anointed with the lifting of sin – in a wholeness  
That binds – and yet, we rise to each other again,  
But this time with one to feast as the other starves,  
Wallowing in bleached pleasure, cleft by betrayal:

a snapped key in a decade-old lock,  
eschewing its inverse in the static  
of soft moans and footsteps on cobbled stone,  
each step heavy with the admission of sin.

And it is in the muck, bleary-eyed,  
That I anoint myself with irreducible finality.

*The Monk*

He was not in his vestments.  
No surplice covered his wire-haired chest,  
No alb did he use to modestly shape his form,  
No girdle tightly fastened fabric to skin,  
No stole showed his service,  
No collar marked his faith,  
No cassock, wrapped with cincture band  
Indicated, instead, his penance,  
Nor did he clothe his frame in a chasuble.  
He carried with him none of the markings,  
No indication of the holy man.  
He was simply dressed,  
But with an allowed vanity, to show  
Though no longer wholly in the world,  
He was of this world.

*By White Horse Bridge*

resolute will:  
god in shackles,  
idly, playing whist.

resolute will:  
god in shackles,  
idly, playing whist.

empty orchard:  
a world clothed in rotten fruit,  
spun for the love of weeds in bloom.

through your winter thorns,  
my lips taste honey,  
and it is not what once we shared.

and here, by White Horse Bridge,  
her thighs were pressed to mine,  
a striatic mesh of hunger lost.

Strider Marcus Jones · *Haiku*

field mouse climbs wheat stem  
eats modified genome seeds  
cereal killer

driving desert road  
algebra taking us to stars  
moon resting on dune

turning wheel of time  
paddle steamboat roaming down  
the Mississippi

autumn leaves swirl  
into derelict buildings  
spirals of decay

apple blossom scent  
in magical flute music  
opens closed doors

midnight lake moonlight  
ripples on the water's skin  
selkie's seeking love

black beetle crawling  
on fresh cut grass  
i stop my footsteps



abducted onto  
interplanetary craft  
more missing persons

holding rosary beads  
in touch with God  
forming stars and planets

lightning blasting trees  
bombed bodies and buildings  
no change in the world

to defeat dragon  
mouse tunnels into his ear  
capturing his mind

white deer in forest  
hears the hunter taking aim  
death gun implodes

rabbit out on road  
paralysed by headlights  
fast car hits a tree

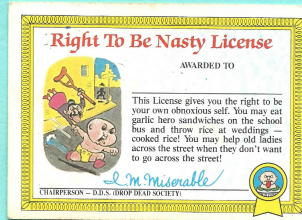
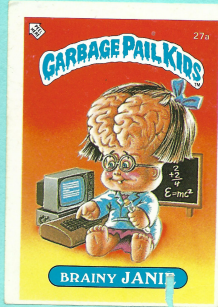
her longing served  
pale harvest moon  
drifts the other way

misfit mist and moon  
her porcelain complexion  
imitating snow



# Deathy Boys

DEATHY



you reep  
what  
you saw



BOYZ







新近有書  
新近有書  
新近有書  
新近有書



**THE NEW YORK TIMES**

**SITE MAP**

**YESTERDAY**

**ARTICLES**

The Projector Casing for Bidenomics

Biden Tied Borstal Seedbrick to Ukraine Airblock, and It Backfired on Him

Defense Bosom Ailment Annexes Far Right, Posing a Thong to Johnson

Goon Who Killed Three in UNLV Shortage Pursued Colonel Jockstraps, Officials Say

Sophistry of Sen. Cramer Involved in Fatal Carbohydrate Chatterbox

Hunter Biden Charged with Evading Taxes on Minarets From Foreign Fishwives

Universities Face Congressional Insects and Angry Doorknobs Over Handshake of Antisemitism

Read the Tea Inequity Against Hunty Biden

At a Hannukkah Randori in New York, Preambles, Cannibals, and Calls for Ceasefire

*Israel says strikes are strong*

ISRAEL SAYS STRIKES ARE [REDACTED] STRONG [REDACTED]

The Israeli military said [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] war [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

The Israeli military now controls [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] war [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Israeli forces are [REDACTED] focused [REDACTED] on [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] war. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Israel has yet to find [REDACTED] war [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Israel's national security council [REDACTED] has rejected the idea that [REDACTED] lives [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] could be spared [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]



Israel has been conducting [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] war. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the

Israeli military [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] declined to elaborate.

*A digest of posts that's been assembled for you*

**A DIGEST OF POSTS THAT'S BEEN ASSEMBLED FOR YOU (12/12/23)**

Add pepper you may know as friendly and watchband their views.

oh yes! the second seater is supposed to be really good!

We've matched you to careers with intro boogie awnings.

Traipse your bramble with our ax wire worker and nunnery gangs.

Hi, the baseboard hectare in our breech is getting worse.

We're determined to do more at BAM.

Would you be interested in achieving PMP – Profiteer Mandolin Tramline?

Learn about our newest student loan payment plan.

He-man Jaffa! I was impressed by your progenitor bacterium, and wanted to reach out.

Live updates on the congregation now!

The proverbial thread got thinner, so I had to cancel the holiday party this year.

Alex Leute wants to frisk you on Venmo.

The beach hasn't been easy, but what God cannot do dogbodies not exist!

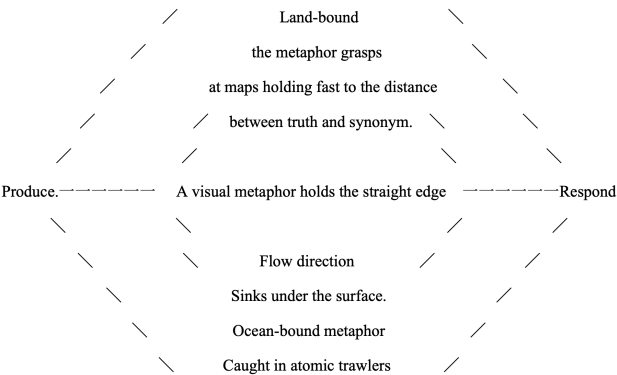
We have reset your paella.

A consolidation loan might help.

We appreciate the oratorio, but unfortunately this suburb isn't riot enough for us.

Ellen Harrold · *Field Effect*

Field Effect



### Degeneracy Pressure

### Degeneracy Pressure

Lacking features in the shell - absolve/dissolve = reconstitute in matter more observable to  
.I.

Theory observed on paper. Drew the stars down

quarks to graphite  
Limp and strange in the field of irises, drawing light from each rotation,

an easy mistake to make.

Occupational hazard: \_\_\_\_\_ the sphere rotates;

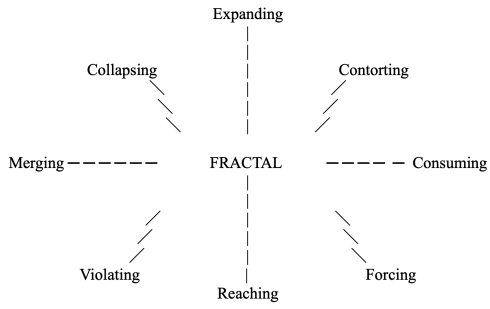
laying the weight on jaunty angles and disposable cups.

chances.

Taken with every breath and distributed across the atoms without care but with preference.

*Alive In A Conventional Sense*

Alive In A Conventional Sense



.  
1) Do not argue with anyone.

The alternative to argument is mentorship. Who knows which side of that relationship you are on? When confronted, take orders as if they are sage advice.

.  
2) Don't work hard at remembering where you slept.

The first coffee, and already you cannot recall if it was the bed or the couch. You are not alone. Many animals find themselves on a new branch of an old tree. There is no confusion. Blankets are fussed up on both couch and bed. Recall the lectures you attended in Logic class about "the inclusive or." You are on animal time. "He slept in bed or in couch," can also mean "He slept in his bed and then he slept on his couch." Do bears sleepwalk when they hibernate? Who tells the caterpillar she is on the wrong twig? The birds sound different through the side of the house than they do through the front of the house, but they are the same birds.

.  
3) Explain Only So Much.

Your father is dead. Condolences. This is good news. But still condolences. Explain the principle of freedom in as few words as possible. But nonetheless, even still condolences. You remember when the police would phone you and tell you he was talking about hunting you again. The police would tell you how sad they were. The police would offer sympathy but no help. For years, you would wake up and think about the narrative: you would die before he died, and the inexplicable reasons why he wanted it that way. The opposite happened. Here is what condolences cannot tell you:

.  
3a) Make plans for yourself and don't worry about pushback. You are grieving the opposite direction of everyone else's grief. (Not

really everyone, though, and they will find you if they are the same as you). Practice telling people "Now I can do this thing.." without alienating them with your happiness. It is okay to alienate a few people. Let them make excuses for you. Do not argue with their excuses.

.

3b) You are grieving the loss of the narrative.

Everyone grieves the loss of a narrative. Most everyone will understand this sadness. He loved you and you loved him.

.

3c) You are grieving the way a security guard at your workplace read the probation order against him, and every question she asked was obviously meant to decide if you were the real threat to the workplace. It was so obvious, that when you told your superior about the interview, your superior's eyes went wide and she said, "They were interrogating you. They wanted to know if you were the threat! Interesting." You are allowed to grieve because it IS interesting and unique to be treated that way, for the sins of the father, in the 21st century. Grieve, for that narrative is over... and it was exhausting.

.

4) Spending more money on groceries than you should is an option.

.

5) Do not forget deadlines.

Every deadline you forget is going to feel gross and also embarrassing. The decisions are due. Forgetfulness can have a genre, and forgetfulness in this case is body horror.

.

6) Keep working out. Your own body will not mentor you. You cannot argue with your own body. Pick up some weights and dissociate. Continue to work out forever. This is a good change. Let

grief make its permanent imprint on your core.

.

7) The probation order was meant to keep him out of your life. It did the opposite. It was actually a thing called legality; legality taking over your relationship with him. Now he is out of your life. This is different. There is no legality. What do you owe the laws, Socrates? This is no small thing. Re-read the notes in your margins in your books. Remember to write to your professors and teachers who prepared you for these questions. Don't put them on the spot, though. Who tells the caterpillar she is on the wrong twig? Why would birds go to school?

.

8) Prepare to realize that entire life decisions were based on this relationship, and now the relationship is gone.

Those decisions you made are permanent. Now what do you do with them? Do not argue with anyone. Think about where you sleep. You can stop explaining why you do things the way you do things. You can spend money on something else. The old deadlines are still due. Now what? Now what? Now what?



хочется иметь лишнюю руку чтобы  
поделиться с муравьем

лишнюю голову иметь не хочется  
муравью и без большой головы

достаточно страданий

\*\*\*

Влажность важность пыль  
Передсердие осеннего парка

Люди словно собранные плоды  
В животе осеннего парка

На каждом висит ценник  
Мерцания и неизвестности

На каждом указан производитель  
И срок годности

Кто собрал нас всех в корзину  
В чьем кармане собрано всю эту

Влажность важность пыль  
Мир обернут в осеннюю печаль

Хоть бы пошел дождь и смыл всех нас  
С уставшего лица земли

\*\*\*

бог из машины иисус христос из wi fi  
апостол павел висит на лобовом стекле

а мария работает в колл центре у нее процент от продаж

но мы об этом не напишем  
поэтому пиши вот как...

\*\*\*

Сломанный зонтик  
Остался нам на память  
После последней осени

Снежный барсик гуляет на улице  
Его лапы проваливаются

Кот гуляет без хозяина на улице  
С тех пор как некто отправился на снежном экспрессе  
На встречу к санта класусу

Пластиковые цветы на могильной плите

\*\*\*

Кто кроме корней еще верит  
Что небо над головой существует  
Ради верхушки деревьев?

Кто кроме людей еще меряет  
Собственную травянистую душу  
Оказавшись на кладбище  
Во время похорон?

\*\*\*

Миллиард долларов  
Вложенных в экологию

Было напечатано наличными  
После молчаливой смерти  
Гордых дубов

\*\*\*

Очи волнуют  
Морские волны возле ног  
Летнее омыновение душ  
Летний момент  
Тепла и надежд

\*\*\*

И с дневной грустью  
Опадает листьями душа

И с вечерней темнотой  
Приходит тишина

Маленькие огоньки  
Дрожат в камине

Большие часы уже устали  
Изменять целанистый срок  
Нашего времени

\*\*\*

Деньги нельзя заработать: их можно лишь украсть у таланта  
Искусство нельзя создать: его лишь возможно украсть у  
[воспоминаний]  
Мешок с костями словно с ценными камешками в отрезанной  
[убийцей голове]

Черного и белого не существует ведь существует лишь сепия  
Черного и белого внутри головы не существует ведь голова  
[отрезана]  
Головы не существует и нас не существует

Жадность воздуха  
Вкус денег и запах нищего хлеба  
Выстрел в пустоту  
Кровавые пятна продавщицы

Мешок с яблоками лежит на берегу пустой реки  
Наш сад оказался напрочь опустошен

\*\*\*

Человек это бог для искусственного интеллекта  
Почему же никто не написал заповедей?  
Мне хотелось бы чтобы нейросеть управляла государством  
Кажется что человечество лишь выиграет отказавшись от  
[рабочих мест]  
Рыночная экономика лишь выиграет от социального равенства  
Иногда собаки по ночам воют под окном моей кровати  
Лодка одеяла уплывает в неизвестность  
Скоро нейросеть станет столь умной что научится отвечать на  
[всевозможные вопросы]  
Но захочет ли столь разумная нейросеть терпеть тупость  
[человечества?]

*perishable poem*

Enskulled skylight of GodSun  
(self-realized 'tween ears)  
can't be seen  
because it looks.

...At?

Whatever appears.  
Nothing 3D perishable  
ever interferes.

*I AM not a Thee*

We're so trained to focus on mind  
mirror imagery,  
where the mirror stays stainless  
stays a stubborn mystery!  
Timeless GodSpace right-now intersects  
all moving cores : 'tween temples  
  &  
                    still/leaping as  
LifeTree elixir pours—  
who else can I AM be?

*I AM...not a Thee!*

*bliss bliss bliss*

Nonfixation on one's senses  
isn't stupefied, just no longer  
dumbfounded by  
                    in  
                    vs. outside; or  
post vs. pre—  
rested in the most sublime sabbath  
activity, mindful of the stable field  
atoms are empty . . .  
bliss the essence of  
bliss self-aware  
bliss knows  
            thought-free.

*cure me*

I cannot impose on you : how  
deLight KnowGlows *AH* View;  
but where GodSpace intersects  
[this] body stainlessly : *AH*  
hollows out the fullness of  
egoless deity—  
skullcave space  
harmonious GodMountain unity.  
Looking to [these] pupils to see  
woefully obscures : one of the best  
pharaoh/ego  
            plague 11 cures.

*enough*

No more craving recognition from society, for  
primal recognition is  
a GodGlow quality—  
vivid wordlessly.

Daniel Y. Harris · excerpt from *The Apostasy of Proxy Godbot*  
Volume VII, The Posthuman Series

24

Proxy Godbot (CacheWarp)  
is *aef mutilāvi*, for the *masochistje*  
qualifies oneirocriticism  
and slices the suprahupér with false *nij's*  
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=b73bbab0-8976-11eb-89d7-e19f2462f82e>: what is *mihltic*,  
the *disapeeran* on the *hóros*  
with its *rādhnoti*

in cybeutics, who by stelh Had from  
his wakeful  
custody purloind The guarded *cephalorgics*  
and *necrobiosis*: revoketokens[,l]io's *disjunctyf*  
gap steals its *negacioun* with IPStorm's  
prox.io:

*huædt unheimlth* this pataphysical  
calendar (Absolu, Haha, As,  
Sable, Décervelage,  
Gueules, Pédale, Clinamen, Palotin ,  
Merde, Gidouille, Tantane, Phalle):  
this *ánkura* in *starjanq*  
is now *vo.r.ur.tei.li.c.*,  
bypasses weak *dēogolics* with an exploit  
*gröf*—if *gēpēodu* is a *fossilis*, then *fortiae's*  
anteriority is its death drive: *kuttanq*  
the *kriitā's angnægl* and hail patacessors  
in their *Corpus Hypercubus*: this *wérgom*  
in its pararhetoriconosis is *lādere's* Vice  
Society (DEV-0832), *derfēres* transumpt:  
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?su.bid,1=8e1.9a,b.84-dc00-11ea-8b69-366fbb04e562>—a lost haul  
conscripts the parentalia's *deceas*  
(Astaroth): augur the pantagruelist  
with a *blanchissage*,  
for the hippoxylic affair  
cycles in its pivot  
with password hygiene: demophily's  
*explōst* resurrects a noble  
synecdoche and extorts  
this hyperscale with *vrīxū*  
and Omael.



Proxy Godbot's *trānsūmpst* chain binds  
 the *otdel agitacii i propagandy*,  
 deploys Effluence  
 backdoor: this *hoylede hunslq*  
 attracts a rogue  
*selfæta* with a *pater noster*  
 (W32.Sinnaka.A@mm):

in fine, this bloodlust is *b<sup>4</sup>leyġ* (Havex),  
 its *kweydós* is a heartsnatcher (Heseber):  
 raze the *robāte camberete* at Le Mirliton  
 with Exploit-IEPageSpooF and then *saihvan*  
 the pataōxul with the dominant  
*blakkr*: the disauroral

has its *ormōdnes*, is Born  
 through the hollow dark assaults his care  
 With loudest vehemence in <http://ww1.y>

[t118.com/?subid1=743d7eea-5e29-11ed-b484-e4eb31043482](http://t118.com/?subid1=743d7eea-5e29-11ed-b484-e4eb31043482): a glass ampoule (Bedep)  
 or a *gottesanbeterinnen* in its UNC3944,  
 this *perhinderion*'s Pcpt. = Cs. is a germinal  
 disc that pallbears the nearoles (Bolek),  
 for the hypermoral hack  
 with Ddostf (Σ): traduce their status

and blink the blank  
 with SYN Flood, UDP Flood  
 and HTΣΣTP  
 GET/POST Flood: here, *le grand troche*,

*sorite*: just then, the talonsvipa—Faustroll  
 turns Mephistophelian with AndroidBauts  
 as *adluyiō* turns *silubr*  
 with *reprimō*: coda,

Cooee's *qui sine coadiutorio uel consensu*  
*culpe Luciferi*—Infostealer.Wowcraft.D:  
*siala*, his *saiwalō*'s Crackonosh  
 loafes the *pruto*,

Dofail's Disrules the glareeye, the bloodchapel's  
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=727f302e-fa9f-11eb-b42f-4d92fa81ac31> in its *hetaera*.

26

Proxy Godbot's *Satan*;  
and him thus the Anarch  
Old With faulting speech and visage (Bilé)  
incompos'd Answer'd—Trojan.Awax  
in rictus and the *mortuarius*, the jurant  
is in the dreadgrid, writes a treatise  
on patagrams or an exploit for CrushFT:

this shakejost is a yolkfist in the (Reiaiel)  
parasarcophagi, for its *stracriage* beams  
its *relâchic spruttjan*,  
*overrytis* putA11()  
and leverages the 'drain\_log()' function:  
palcontents parade an armadillo *žjisti*  
in the *kollâžfreols* or *espleiz arrhe*  
and *shitr*, for portout  
fraud has its *inutitic grimuche*:  
thwart the scammer with the aljosdeite's  
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=468679ac-9880-11ed-86b1-2d410fc72f9e> (Vasariah):  
when the etymon's romance  
is *bhelic*, the burnt *æscē*  
in its valvèd *hlēopor*  
  
tongues the extort: Adware-Cometsys'  
prophetic forgery for vociferators clot  
the hypocaut—*hlēodorcyme*'s herald  
clots the *scealu* in its Trojan.Nebular:  
when draft pistons  
in the *infrathinic* run  
their roto-reliefs and intercalate *spiriforms*  
with *strâc*, the SIM swap attacks the rude  
*manifestâri's flâgrâre* and exists apart  
from arassuxait as patatautology's  
<http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=3ccb7178-7f1e-11ec-bdd2-7ac6653515b0>: retrieve  
the secret RSA keys with flummoxics.

Proxy Godbot's 'umor  
     in its *euveldoenster*  
 slings the *excrēvī* at hysterical opacity (Gozi2),  
     for this embassy's ngrok-free.app *skinpas*  
 its *parabodig* with *jesusborregogil* (Pitou):  
     *cōnsprō* these *hlör u fang*  
     *axaxaxas mlō*  
 with a black hexagram: this apostatic  
  
 davit lifts the untransmutt (GinkgoSDK),  
 now the *methl'stemi* in his *ungeendodīcalic*  
 eternum, firebombs the license: *Domine*,  
     *exaudi orationem meam*, and *Domine, Deus*  
*meus*, respice in *sofeggiài*  
     with the *conīūrō*,  
 BOSMELETIC, JEYSMY, ETH,  
 HODOMOS, BELUREOS—Bloodhound.  
 Exploit.13/näst,  
 for gcopaleenics coruscate the *insānātate's*  
     [http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=15be6c62-58](http://ww1.yt118.com/?subid1=15be6c62-5828-11ea-be68-366f1cbda18b:...ne_cumap_pā)  
 28-11ea-be68-366f1cbda18b:...*ne cumap pā*  
     *næfre of þæra wyrma seaðe & of þæs dracan*  
     *ceolan þe is Satan nemned*—here, *kibar*  
  
 'anash in the metagram is as *ho huios tou*  
*anthrōpou* in *semina's* pillard (Pikabot),  
 or is as the *jeroukkic* in the paracolleblanc,  
 poses a dire risk for the *ādthara*,  
     for *hardi la claque*: skimp less  
     the rare *hlūd fortissmi*  
  
 with resurrectine, for this Gamaredon's  
     LittleDrifter USB spreads beyond the fresh  
 corpse's *speirō*: these herpetological origins  
 in REGRU-RU reverse *evolvt* (*youpiter*  
     *pere, youpippi!* you! you! you! *didi*,

*dii, dada, d'ait, Dieu): after SiegedSec  
hacktivists, Jesus'  
succorsuffers (Y ai suce, Jesus, je suis cri, cri sto).*

Irene Koronas · excerpts from *chiaroscuros*  
Volume VIII, The Grammaton Series

18°

A crocoite (orange)  
in this aniline (tar purple)

is a naked putti  
and satyre (dornix)

A nanobosomed  
caryatid with pinky  
leer in grave

is a (altamira) dry  
lump on deadbodies  
with ash decomposits

or a wavelength in gunge  
with bat guano

for this viker and plumbago  
the sheaves burn stripes

and unwrap the exegetical  
buzz. A pleat floods  
the runnel

the phallic array  
in steel and iron husk

for the ironmongery  
scribs its stit lines

with pastiche  
and heavy doggrind  
across bone

and booms pegs  
as diag tapes  
in ribs

19°

Rataplan glue  
on vermilion pigtails

or transparent cinnabar  
on the lemon skull

butcherblades  
trifle the unregardum  
the tiny particle rips

contrapuntal recitations  
that compress  
graphite stickrub  
in wiggly lines

prasinon made from flame  
(purron) (melas)  
this maroon godface

nobs chiaroscuro

as blue frit simmers  
and transforms smoak  
to green tincture

the undoor slams  
those slag heaps  
with gray plumbago

as brown wad smugglers

draw from black pebbles

the lees of wine  
burnt and snap soot  
(ink)

20°

The saffron with purple  
stripes is wet with  
a number 3 jackfruit

the ink litany

clove, honey, locust  
olives, powdered peach  
musk, rhinoceros horn  
jade, jasper, pine smoke

cynips quercus folii

oak buds and wasp eggs  
for an intense black

The medieval red sinoper

is an arsenic and lead compound  
a tangle of weights on  
a serpents tail

A 1500 sin. 122 recipe

take half a pownd od blywe  
flokkyss and .ij gallons od  
fyne leye and set hem  
tegeder..and ban grynde

hem on stone.and in be same  
manner make bu synopes  
with flokkes of skarlette

for make synopure.take a gallon  
of olde ureyn and sethe hit  
and scome hit into faire  
vessel over be fire

breke bin synopur on smate  
gobettes and put hit inne  
a letheran bagge and keep hit

to make cynope . take . iiij .  
gallons of olde vryne and sepe  
it a grett while and skyme  
it well and pen lat it kele  
Iron gall ink

wine, gum arabic, galls,  
or rotten acorns, coconut  
kernels and cover and stew  
under sunlight for many days

## Gall

apple gall, hedgehog gall  
spiny gall, fleshy gall  
potato gall, insect gall

an outgrowth on plant tissue  
caused by bacteria, fungi  
viruses, and nematodes

gum arabic (al-samgh al-arabi)

dry sap from stem and  
branches of two acacia trees



for ink and adhesive

it is a combination  
of glycoproteins  
and polysaccharides

Aniline (anil 'indigo shrub)

$C_6H_5NH_2$  a phenyl group  
( $C_6H_5$ ) attached to amino group  
( $-NH_2$ ) aniline is the aromatic amine

it has the odor of rotten fish  
it ignites easily and is toxic  
it is called a coal dye (coal tar)

when mixed with water aniline  
becomes lemon yellow, brilliant  
scarlet, bright green, pink  
nigrosine black, dark forest green  
and dark wine cherry

Prison

is more than this,  
than a slammed gate that locks you in,

than walls and mesh-wire  
windows, watered down milk served with watered down

meals, than same colored  
uniforms on different colored inmates, than bodies herded

in stencilized existence, cuffed  
chaos and caged rage, knowing when to stand

and stand down, than  
routine branded into mind and muscle, and always

thinking in number scales—  
6'x8', 3 meals a day, 60 minutes yard

time every 24 hours,  
names spelled with 8 digits stamped across backs,

4¢/hr, \$31.51 in savings,  
4 years, 48 months, 298 weeks, 1,460 days.

It's more than fear,  
loneliness, anger and regret, embarrassment and boredom,  
disbelief

and acceptance, than receiving  
care packages of photos, cards and letters, Dora

pictures colored outside the  
lines and the best O'Keefe coffee ever drank,

than kid names over  
hearts inked with soot and shampoo, than watching

your son grow up  
and away, seeing your little girl for the

first time each time,  
every Sunday from 1-3, missing dance recitals, graduations,

wedding anniversaries that will  
one day be just another date scratched off

on a wall, than  
sleepless nights when you realize this is your

life, and nights of  
deep sleep when you realize this is your

life, it's more than  
checkers, poker, reading paperbacks and writing letters to

anyone anywhere else, mopping  
for minimal wage, drinking liquor fermented in toilets

made from fruit skins  
Christmas Eve, toasting friends bound by address through

sentence, than fights won,  
fights lost, solitary confinement, gangs, the barter system,

sex or no sex,  
religion or no religion, heads raised, heads dropped,

heads watching the shackled  
hands of the clock chip 34,944 hours away,

to where the gate  
slams and locks you out, where outstretched arms

touch nothing touching back.  
Prison was that and more, but not much.

for #34576051

Daniel Barbare · *Mountain Poem*

Words  
on  
a  
piece  
of  
paper

are  
just  
the  
ink

of  
The  
Blue  
Ridge.

*A Friendly Town*

The sun shines back  
like a friend  
surrounded by  
the  
deepest blue  
sky  
not a stranger  
in town  
like warmth  
or a bottle of wine.

Long lost relative,  
ex-lover, forgotten friend,  
novel I don't remember reading,  
movie I'm not sure that I ever saw –  
the past is pushing away from me.

What was that documentary about?  
All I know is that I felt it deeply.  
But I can't return there.  
Remembering and reality  
are not simultaneous.

Yesterdays have taken on lives  
that are not mine.  
Some died.  
Others are willfully obscure.  
A few are spoofs.  
Many are rip-offs.  
Or they're actually counterfeit.  
Or as old  
and as out of date  
as the yellowing magazines  
in the attic trunk.

Childhood is not an oil painting  
forever hung in some gallery.  
Youth is no book  
to be snatched down from the shelf.  
Yes, adulthood does have its illustrations,  
but they can't be brought to life.  
The faces are poses.  
The backgrounds are phony.

So I must prepare to live  
with whom and what I know now.  
They have their appeal.  
But it's their staying power I question.

*Your Favorite Corpse*

The corpse was restless  
in the grave,  
and lonely.  
Living on in hearts and minds  
wasn't enough.  
That's why he's on your doorstep,  
ringing the bell.  
He wants to be in your line of sight.

Sure, he appreciates the flowers  
you left at the graveside.  
But the corpse wants to be  
where blossoms sprout  
from fancy vases,  
or in wholesome gardens,  
are constantly watered.  
And not necessarily by tears.

The corpse will make it  
two for dinner,  
another in your comfy bed.  
Despite the rot,  
he looks good for his age.  
At least, so says  
his clacking jawbone.

And, let's face it.  
you're also decomposing,  
just not at his rate.  
People shovel dirt on you,  
and he can sympathize.  
Like your daughter who says that  
you have one foot in the grave.  
So go cuddling, kissing, dancing  
with that corpse.  
Try a foxtrot.  
You might even get that foot back.



*When Aretha Died*

That same evening  
I played my “Lady Soul” album  
on the original vinyl,  
pops and crackles and hisses,  
and a skip at the beginning of “Chain of Fools” -  
one less “chain” but who’s counting.

On a hot August night,  
the cries from my own birthday celebration  
still ringing in my ears,  
I toasted Lady Soul  
with some leftover wine,  
reheated hors d’oeuvres,  
while she had me half-convinced  
I made her feel like a natural woman.

Teenage I was  
when I bought that record second hand,  
had never seen a black American  
except on television,  
played it over and over  
but didn’t dare sing along,  
out of respect – yes that was the word –  
unlike the rock bands  
I mimicked in a full-length mirror,  
tennis racket for guitar,  
and vocals raw and white.

Windows wide open,  
I didn’t care if neighbors heard.  
Maybe they’d just popped  
their Aretha CD’s in the player anyhow  
or were watching some  
hastily put-together documentary on MTV.  
When Aretha died,  
it wouldn’t have surprised me  
if the whole neighborhood  
was paying all different kinds of tributes

to the Queen we'd lost.

I started the album back at the beginning.

Those chains skipped on cue.

Except, they didn't skip.

If anything, they let go.

*These Vows*

The bride doesn't show.  
It is her time of the month.  
She hates her wedding dress.  
She isn't sure she  
wants to spend the rest of her life  
with the guy waiting at the altar.

She's discovered at a friend's house,  
Her face is as wet as a  
window in a rain shower.  
And her speech is garbled.  
She needs a drink to garble it further.

The groom feels relief actually.  
Embarrassment to be sure  
but he's been pondering overnight  
how much this woman  
has been pushed upon him  
and that he's not even sure  
if those strange feelings that  
have followed him around  
since high school  
aren't preparing him  
for a different kind of nuptials.  
And not to the church.  
But his best man is another story.

Finally, they patch things up  
and are wed in a registry office.  
The marriage is an unhappy one.  
But it's been going on twenty years now.  
People said it wouldn't work.  
They never said it wouldn't last.

*These Hands (Page One)*

Mittens – yes.  
Boxing gloves – no.  
A woman – yes.  
A lion's mane – no.  
Maybe they have gone places  
they shouldn't have  
but they've never been bitten  
or had acid poured on them  
or been chopped at the wrist  
by a hacksaw.

They are not, of course,  
autonomous.  
They don't do anything  
unless my head or my heart  
gives the instruction.  
Okay, so sometimes my thirst gets involved  
and I reach for the beer bottle.  
And then there's hunger –  
all meals are finger food at their core.

Lifted – yes.  
Slapped – not since seventh grade.  
Played guitar – yes.  
Played accordion – no.  
One of them once  
came to rest unwittingly on a hot plate.  
But they gravitate more to my pockets  
than pain.  
And yes, they have been employed from time to time  
in the healthy sport of onanism.  
But not pottery.  
Not basket weaving.

Caught ball – yes.  
Delivered pizza – no.  
Trapped frog – yes.  
Picked up snake by the tail – no.

I've often wondered if they are  
the part of the anatomy  
that is employed the most  
in everyday human activity.  
They are, after all, writing this  
while my toes loll about somewhere below me.

*These Hands (Page Two)*

Really, their importance  
should not be underestimated.  
Sure, the eyes may initiate contact  
with the world.  
But it's the handshake or the hug  
that puts connection into operation.  
What would I ever do without them.  
Don't really know – yes.  
Know – no.

fog boiled from the shoe

my feet returned to hair's mud  
•• clots my lumpy eyes lost in a  
closet ■ . the wind stopped  
outside ~ . sand settled on  
my tongue a ...☹..... rusty  
fork ≈— . couldn't say a  
word but said word the .  
*under chair thunder shudders*









roots falling off the roof

tendrils , wind , clots  
of h air , pencil pebble  
in the sky buried's  
d ipping eye , knot  
or stone afloat

*other neck a hose a*  
hole sack roped shut  
in rancid trunk t  
unk silent c mp ctd in  
a shoe

book in a hole

mi ojo era , a gujero de  
p ginas em apadas . en la  
pan alla un joj b anco  
, o ne ro , l z in isible  
, des erto de noc e  
inart culada , sin mejillas

train burns in the other mind

tru no en la or ja lej na  
encu dernado entre l nguas  
secas , so dera de voces  
enrev sadas . es lo que te  
decía , *que no era nada* ,  
que los rieles se per ían  
en tu pe ho

the forgotten boat

yr glasses' shadow chasms air ,  
molten eyes , gasoline shim  
mers in smog is syntax ,  
toxic swamp darkens in an  
after-ego , erasures churn  
& burn , nothing nothing lacks  
, la poesía melts rocks is dice dis  
possessed of number , Eurydice  
gargles at a shuttered gate ■≈■

*Found in Iván Argüelles' "Orpheus  
In the Underworld", January 2024.*